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UPS AND DOWNS.

He: THEY HAD A LOVER'S QUARREL, PARTED, AND SHE MARRIED HER FATHER'S COACHMAN FOR SPITE.

She: WHAT BECAME OF HER LOVER?

He: OH, HE MARRIED HER SISTER, AND HIRED THE COACHMAN.



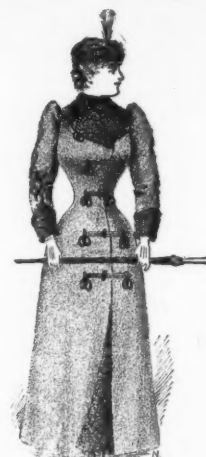
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Marie: HE BROKE HER HEART—THE WRETCH!

Celeste: DID HE JILT HER?

Marie: NO; HE INSISTED ON HER KEEPING HER ENGAGEMENT WHEN SHE HAD A BETTER OFFER.

A CONVENIENCE.

"I SHOULDN'T think you'd care to live here in New Jersey, so far from a drug store."

"Oh, that's all right. You drop a nickel in the slot-machine, up at the station, and get all the quinine you want."



Wanted.—ROOM FOR SINGLE GENTLEMAN.

VERY SIMPLE.

BECAUSE the country needed rain,
He did not loudly pray.
He simply asked two girls he knew
To go and see the play.

MORRISON: I hear Stivey met the Prince, last Summer.

JANSEN: Yes.

MORRISON: What did Stivey say to him?

JANSEN: Apologized for being an American.



"DROP A WORM IN THE SLOT, AND HEAR ME SING."



"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. XVIII. NOVEMBER 26th, 1891. No. 465.
28 WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., bound, \$30.00; Vol. II., bound, \$15.00. Back numbers, one year old, 20 cents per copy. Vols. III. to XVII., inclusive, bound or in flat numbers, at \$5.00 per volume.

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THE horse show is over, and the members of Mr. McAllister's interesting aggregation are at home again and ready to re-appear before the footlights. There have been rumors that this was Manager McAllister's farewell season, but the farewell season idea has been so over-done by Patti and other artists that one hardly knows what to believe. It is safe and just as convenient not to say goodbye to Mr. McAllister until his successor is in evidence.

IT is impossible for LIFE, at this writing, to speak adequately of the Yale-Harvard game last Saturday. The thought that H——r may not have survived that contest is the bitter drop in our prospective Thanksgiving appetizer.



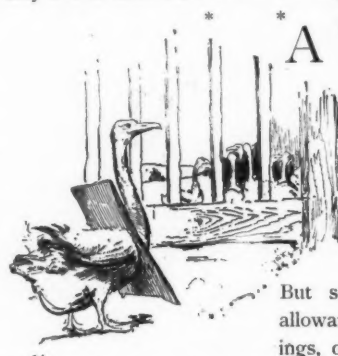
OUR causes for thankfulness this year are abundant and conspicuous. It is true that the tiger swallowed the canary, but the canary's friends should not fail on that account to add their voices to the general chorus of praise. When did the earth ever before yield us her fruits so abundantly or more opportunely? It would be indecent in us to be thankful for the pinching necessities of our transatlantic brethren, but there is no harm in our rejoicing that as long as their shortage had to come, we should have such exceptional facilities for relieving it.

THERE is such a list of things to be thankful for this year, besides wheat. Oats are not as high as they were; it is not so hard to do without pearl buttons as one would have supposed; how good the peaches were! the Broadway pavement is laid; we have not come to actual blows yet with Chili; we don't live in Rus-

sia, and we no longer have any czar at home; the cranberry crop is good; the supply of turkey is abundant; pie is still as various and as ubiquitous upon this continent as ever. Surely we have all the means and materials and provocatives for keeping an old-time Thanksgiving.

BUT the old-time Thanksgiving doesn't grow in much profusion in these parts any more. There is still some church-going in the morning, and some rather heavy feasting at night, but the enthusiasm of the day is spent neither in feasting nor in songs of praise. The genius that haunts the day this year, whose long-legged wraith hangs around like a nightmare, and whose sulphurous name wails on the breeze through the leafless November boughs—is Heffelfinger of Yale. Thanksgiving in New York is shot through with football, and somehow football is permeated with Heffelfinger.

Some forty thousand of us hope to make Mr. H——'s acquaintance on Thursday afternoon. Here's hoping that he may live to meet us, and that we may be happy together.



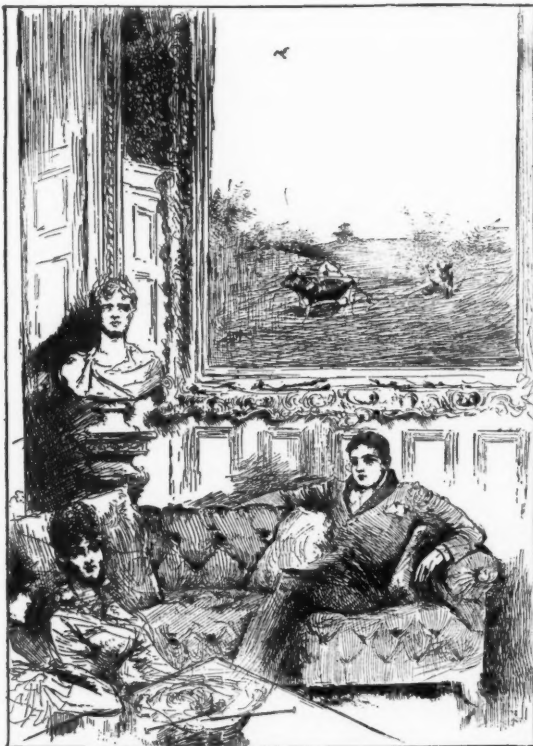
A NOTICEABLE disposition transpires on the part of divers metropolitan critics, to make caustic "copy" about the Kendals. Whether the trouble is that the Kendals are bad on the stage, or good off it, is in dispute.

But somehow, with all due allowance for malicious writings, one gets the impression that to be a typical British Female and an actress at the same time is almost too much for even a very clever woman to undertake. It isn't so much that the two characters are necessarily inconsistent, as that either one is an all-day job, and doesn't leave time or strength for the other.



THE fact that the behavior of deacons' sons is proverbially uncertain should not cause anyone to be sure that, conversely, an agnostic's son is always to be trusted. As witness the efforts of Mr. Vice-President Morton to recover sundry thousands that Courtlandt Palmer's heir does not wish to pay.

IF anyone is long of income and short of occupation, as good a way as any is to plant chrysanthemum seeds, and see what comes of it. There is as much uncertainty about it as there is about horse-races, and at least as good a possibility of financial advantage.



"IS HE AN ACTOR?"
 "NO."
 "WHY, HE TOLD ME HE WAS ON THE STAGE."
 "HE IS."



"PERHAPS YOU COULD SPARE ONE OF THOSE SEATS, SIR."

FALSEHOOD AND TRUTH.

I.

AND as I slept, two dream dames near me stood:
 One young, a minstrel-woman, mayhap fair,
 Though o'er her face was drawn a crimson hood—
 The other, old and lean, with grizzled hair.

II.

Ere I had asked, the old dame shrieked, "Plain Truth
 Am I." Her voice was harsh, and, like a brier,
 It pricked my ear. "My name you know, fair youth."
 The other softly sighed—and touched her lyre.

Elijah Higginbotham.

A CHANCE FOR SPORT.

THE results of Mr. Egan's appointment as minister to Chili, are not only hilariously instructive, but they suggest an unlimited perspective of startling experiment. President Harrison's clever idea of conferring important offices upon wild Irishmen almost before they land is turning out beautifully—for the newspapers. If a misunderstanding with Chili proved too tame he might send Herr Most as minister to England. We should soon have a war on our hands worth listening to.

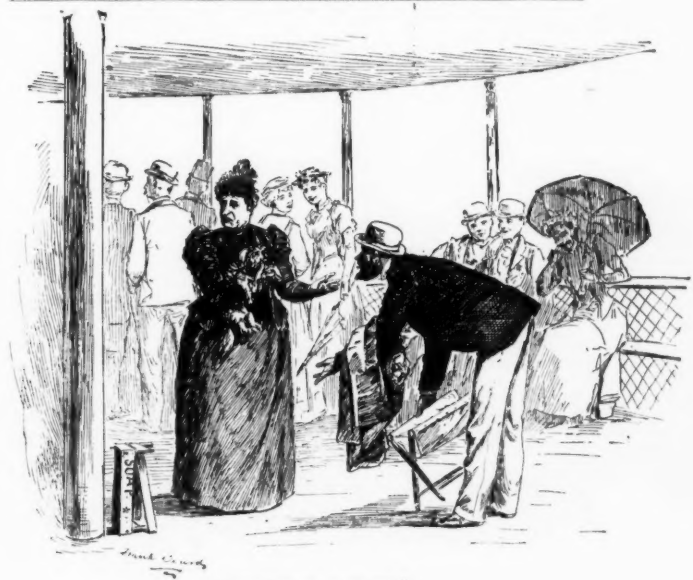
A POSSIBLE REVENGE.

MRS. FASTPACE: I'm really ashamed of you, Jack. The Rev. Mr. Proser asked you to-day if you had read a dozen different books, and you admitted you had not read one of them.

MR. FASTPACE: Yes, and if you hadn't been present I should have been revenged.

MRS. FASTPACE: How?

MR. FASTPACE: I should have asked Proser if he had read a dozen different books that he wouldn't have dared to confess to.



"CERTAINLY, MADAME."

PURCHASING SILENCE.



IN 4006.

"THAT ruined city they have just discovered turns out to be the fabled town of New York," said Prof. Bones, of Melbourne.

"Was it destroyed by volcanic action?"

"No. It was buried in mud and garbage by titanic inaction."



Spokesman for Party: WILL YOU TELL THE MINISTER, PLEASE, THAT WHILE THERE'S SO MUCH FEVER A'GOING 'ROUND, OUR PARENTS DON'T WANT US TO COME TO SUNDAY-SCHOOL; AND PLEASE CAN YOU TELL US IN WHAT POND HIS SON CAUGHT THAT BIG FISH, YESTERDAY?

PENELOPE MEETETH HER ADORER FOR THE FIRST TIME AFTER THE ENGAGEMENT HATH BEEN DULY RATIFIED.

AS he entered the room, Jack looked decidedly embarrassed. He placed his hat and cane on the floor by the side of his chair, and folded his hands in his lap—then he looked at Penelope. She was the picture of loveliness—likewise the picture of self-reliance. Jack wished for a moment that he were a girl, himself. It is too bad that we cannot be what we wish in this world. He said nothing, however. He had thought of a number of things to say, but had forgot every one of them the moment he looked into her great brown eyes.

"Well?" said Penelope.

"Well?" said Jack.

"Yes, I'm well," she answered, "and now, why don't you talk to me?"

"I did intend to, Pen, but when I look at you I can't talk."

"It's just as well," said Pen softly; "at the same time, before other people, you must talk a little, you know."

"O nobody cares to hear me talk."

"I guess you're right, Jack. At the same time you mustn't appear a dunce. Now, what did you come here to do?"

"Why, to call on you, of course."

"Didn't you intend to say that you were glad that we were engaged?"

"O, of course; but I thought you'd know that without my saying it."

"Well, I do; but you ought to say it just the same. Suppose you were engaged to a girl who wasn't smart—what a nice fix you'd be in then."

"That's so."

"Now, didn't you come here to do anything besides talk to me?"

"Well, I would like to do other things, but I don't dare"

"What are the other things, Jack?"

"Well, I would like to sit a little nearer to you, if I may."

"I'm sitting in the largest chair in the room but (*confidingly*) we have a

larger chair coming to-morrow, though. I told papa he needed one. Of course he agreed with me."

Jack had just enough sense left to appreciate the fact that his opportunity had been prepared for him with the deft skill of a New York girl, and he embraced it and her. There were a few moments of delicious silence. Then Pen spoke, in an entirely different manner:

"I don't think you treat me just right, Jack."

"O my, Pen, what have I done? You know that I wouldn't do anything to displease you."

"Well, it's something you haven't done." Here she sobbed on his manly bosom.

"What is it my darling, my poor little angel?"

"Well, you don't give me chance enough to be modest and retiring and womanly."

And when Jack went home that night he was very unhappy, and he resolved that in the future he would be bold, and manly, and brave, just as the sturdy oak is when it is embraced by the tender, clinging, shrinking vine.

Thomas Winthrop Hall.

FROM A FUTURE NOVEL.

HERO: Have you no pity in your heart? Is there no tenderness in your nature? Are you wholly made up of brutal cruelty?

VILLAIN: Ha! Ha! You appeal to a heart of stone. (*His-sing*) I was once the centre rush of a foot-ball team.

HERO: Then Heaven help us all! There is no hope.

HE: Darling, you remind me of my bank account.

SHE (*nestling up to him*): Why, because you think so much of me?

HE: No; because you are so *petite*.



AT THE AMATEUR PLAY.

Reginald: AT LAST, MY LOVE, WE ARE TOGETHER. REST YOU IN THESE ARMS FOREVER. (*Aside, to man in the wings*) STEP LIVELY THERE WITH THE CURTAIN. DO YOU SUPPOSE WE WANT TO STAY THIS WAY ALL NIGHT.

Hortense (as the curtain drops): FOREVER!

EQUIVOCAL.

"HAVE you read Sir John Lubbock's 'List of the Best Hundred Books?'"

"Yep."

"Every book on the list?"

"Yep; every book—on the list."

THE ADORER: Sir, I want to marry your daughter.

THE FATHER: What! Marry that dear little inexperienced, innocent angel. Sir, you surprise me.

THE ADORER: Come off.

MERRITT: I thought the old man would have come down handsomely. Wasn't your wife his favorite daughter?

PENFIELD: She was before she married me.



"WHILE MY FEARFUL HEAD IS ON."

Richard III., Act IV, Scene II.

BOOKISHNESS

AN AUSTRALIAN NOVEL.

NOVELS of Australian life have become interesting recently for the reasons that at one time helped to make Cooper's novels the vogue in England, and at another Bret Harte's stories. A new country, new types of men, and new conditions are always romantic to those who are unfamiliar with them—and, indeed, those who participate in the strange life are often infected with its romance. Kipling, for example, seems acutely conscious of the romance of India, though for half his life it was the commonplace of daily existence to him.

In "A Sydney-Side Saxon" (Macmillan), Rolf Boldrewood (who is really Justice Browne, an Australian magistrate), depicts the patriarchal life of the "owner of a thousand herds." It is a blunt, honest story of hard work, hopefulness, and pertinacity winning a decent success—the kind of success which wrongs no man, which is not a feverish struggle for place and the baubles of station, but which makes a man free from the fear or favor of any other man.

There is not much art in the telling of the tale, and it is often prosy and even dull. However, it is redeemed from the commonplace by the

simple pathos of the earlier chapters which describe the old age and poverty of a Kentish couple who toil hard all their years and die in the workhouse. This makes a telling background for the story of their son who found such wonderful opportunities to break the bonds of the rank of life in which he was born and rise to independence in the new country, Australia. The closing chapters also get above the common level by reason of their vivid racing pictures. They are unrhetical, even uncouth, but vigorous and realistic.

SIMPLICITY and ingenuousness are the qualities of Thomas Ball's Autobiography which he calls "My Three-Score Years and Ten" (Roberts Bros.). The wonderful thing is to find the story of an artist's life so free from affectation. He never poses; he is interested in many things outside of his art; he is buoyant, domestic and persistently pious—all of which are foreign to most artists after their first youth. Now, in old age he tells us with the gusto of a boy of trivial things which meant so much to him. You read the story of a man who treated his affections with respect, and in return they gave him that complacent contentment which, with good health, means happiness.

The book is of far more value for its human than on its artistic side.

THE volume of "Essays on English Literature" (Scribner), by Edmund Scherer, which has been put into English by George Saintsbury, contains three papers on phases of George Eliot's literary career which show him passing from what Mr. Saintsbury calls "uncritical laudation" to a judicial attitude of tempered admiration. This also seems to epitomize the attitude of the reading public, which since George Eliot's death has continued to treat her novels with respect, but has read them less and less.

The fact is that the Positive Philosophy is a very solemn thing to apply to either life or fiction, so solemn that nobody is going to run around after it when it ceases to be a fad. There is only one thing that can equal it for cold uncomfortableness, and that is the Levitical law which is happily several thousand years out of date. Mr. Saintsbury puts it in a nutshell when he says that the weak point in George Eliot "was an insufficient devotion to the great god, Nonsense, whether in his Avatar of Frivolity or in his Avatar of Passion."

Droch.

NEW BOOKS.

A MERCIFUL DIVORCE. By F. W. Maude. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

Four and Five. By Edward E. Hale. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

An Historical Mystery. By Honoré de Balzac. Translation by Katharine Prescott Wormley. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Henrik Ibsen's Prose Dramas. Edited by William Archer. Volume five. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

A Mistaken Identity. By O. F. G. Day. St. Paul: The Price-McGill Company.

Essays on English Literature. By Edmond Scherer. Translated by George Saintsbury. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Lyra Heroica. A book of verse for boys. Selected by William Ernest Henley. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Vampires. Mademoiselle Révéda. By Julien Gordon. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

The Shield of Love. By B. L. Farjeon. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

Morphine. By Dubut de Laforest. New York: The Waverly Company.

PRACTICAL FATHER: She may be very pretty; and very sweet; and understand French; and play on the piano, and all that; but is she practical? Does she know anything about cooking?

FASHIONABLE SON: She knows enough to prefer Delmonico's to any other restaurant in New York, sir.

ONE, WHOSE SUCCESS DEPENDS ON THE TURN OF THE WHEEL.—The bicyclist.

A PROVERBIAL PLEA.



IF "kissing goes by favor," as
The wise folk all agree,
Oh, why, my pretty maid, will you
Not sometimes favor me?

If "pity is akin to love,"
And many say it be,
I pray you, tender-hearted girl,
A little pity me.

And if "faint heart ne'er won" a maid,
I pledge my word to thee,
No one e'er wore a bolder heart
Than I will bear in me.

If "absence makes the heart grow fond,"
I'll cross the land and sea,
And dwell in hope that, far away,
You may grow fond of me.

But if "Love goes where it is sent,"
Oh, set young Cupid free,
And make him now your messenger
To bear your love to me.

If "love me little, love me long,"
Will move you, hear my plea—
Howe'er so little, so it's long,
Will be enough for me.

James G. Burnett.



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Who wish to keep
admirers at a reason-
able distance.

FOR B...
Who are... of
feeling... the ceremon...

OR DO REFORMERS.



For the
Who are
celing
e ceremon

FOR THE DOCTRESS.
Let us know with
whom we are talking.

THE TYPEWRITER.
Becoming, without
interfering with her
work, or marring her
prospects.

FOR THE THEATRE.
The best hat yet for
ruining the pleasure
of all who sit behind
it.

THE FIANCÉE.
A dress of this kind
would warn off male
flirts, and save many
heart-aches.



First Dr.: OLD JONES IS THE MEANEST MAN IN TOWN.

Chorus of other Drs.: WHY, I NEVER HEARD HIM CALLED THAT BEFORE.

First Dr.: WELL, HE IS; HE CAME TO ME FOR PROFESSIONAL ADVICE ABOUT A YEAR AGO. I TOLD HIM HE WAS ALL RUN DOWN, THAT HE WOULD HAVE TO GIVE UP BUSINESS OR DIE IN THREE WEEKS, AND HE HAS WORKED ALMOST NIGHT AND DAY EVER SINCE.



THE LOST PARADISE.

IN the bright lexicon of Mr. Henry C. De Mille, the words "probability" and "fidelity" are apparently hard to find. He is a dramatic Jesuit with whom the end justifies the means. The end he seeks is to please his audiences for the moment. That he attains it no one can doubt who recalls his numerous successes. It is also true that he often does it by sacrificing dramatic unity, by going contrary to nature and by introducing characters, lines, and situations in themselves improbable and not in harmony with the principal theme.

It looks as though Mr. De Mille's process of reasoning was something like this: "I have my

plot. Now then, we must have a 'love interest.' Perhaps we'd better have two. And American audiences must have fun. So we'll put in two or three funny characters. And American women like to be harrowed up. Here goes for some misery." And having strung these things on his story, and avoided several snags that might wreck it, Mr. De Mille has his play.

The art dramatic is such a difficult one that to succeed in it at all is laudable. To please intelligent audiences such as go to see Mr. De Mille's plays, is still more praiseworthy. To make a play which shall be entertaining and interesting and at the same time make people think is, next to making a play which shall please the critical mind, the most difficult and commendable of all. This Mr. De Mille has done.

In "The Lost Paradise" he has borrowed his main theme, but he has handled it well. He makes the story hold its interest from beginning to end. Most of his characters are real enough to gain the sympathy of his auditors, and their actions fall fairly within the bounds of probability. In several places the dramatist has yielded to his weakness of sacrificing truth for effect, but in the main the play is coherent and plausible.

"The Lost Paradise" is well acted throughout, and Mr. Charles Frohman is to be congratulated on the possession of so intelligent a company. Mr. William Morris gives re-

newed evidence of the earnestness and sincerity he displayed in "Men and Women." His rendering of *Reuben Warner*, the Superintendent of the Knowlton Iron Works, is as thorough a piece of dramatic work as we have had this season. The author has somewhat handicapped the part of *Margaret Knowlton*, played by Miss Sydney Armstrong, but, notwithstanding its difficulties, Miss Armstrong endows it



A JOHN.



A JACK.



A KNAVE.



"ETHEL, IS THE COOK DRESSING THE CHICKENS?"
 "NO, MAMMA; SHE IS UNDRRESSING THEM."

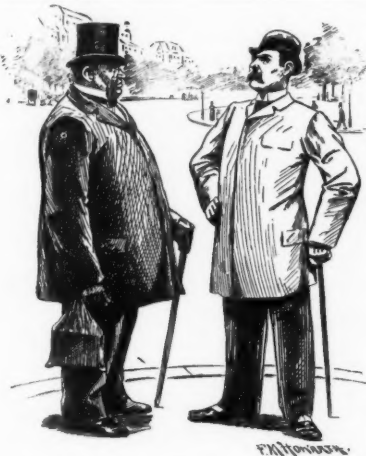
LE CHEVAL owned the town last week, and his worshippers turned out in full force and gorgeousness to render homage. The bow-legged, straw-chewing satellites of His Majesty were very much in evidence, and the human who could not talk horse-talk had no reason for existence. Take him all in all Le Cheval was a great success.

There was some kicking—not by the horses—at the decisions of the judges. It was claimed that in some cases the social "pull" of the owner weighed along with the fine points of the animal in influencing decisions. LIFE doesn't pretend for one moment to pass on such claims, but it does know that any suspicion of unfairness will be fatal to the success of future horse-shows in New York. The 400 is a good element in the boxes, but it shouldn't be admitted to the judges' stand.



"GOING to the football game?"
 "No. Can't stand it. Going to the morgue."

with the strength and sweetness it requires. Mr. Frank Mordant's work is, as always, dignified and acceptable. The other characters are subsidiary, and some of them apparently superfluous, but are without exception well done. Two very clever pieces



Citizen: WHY DID YOU INSTRUCT THE JURY TO LET THAT PRIZE-FIGHTER OFF WITH A NOMINAL FINE? WHY, HE KILLED HIS OPPONENT IN THAT FIGHT.

Judge: WELL, I CONSIDERED THE PUBLIC OWED THAT MAN A GREAT DEAL. YOU SEE THERE IS ONE PRIZE-FIGHTER LESS.



The Priest: THIS MAN IS SO TISPY HE CAN HARDLY STAND. I CAN'T MARRY YOU TO HIM UNLESS HE'S IN HIS NORMAL STATE.

The Bride: FAITH, THIN YE'LL HAVE TO HURRY, FOR IT'S SOBERIN' UP HE IS THIS MINNUT.

of character acting are the *Schwarz* of Mr. Oberlé, and the *Benzel* of Mr. Corrigan.

Mr. Frohman has given the principal scene of the play, which represents the interior of the Knowlton Iron Works, with the machinery in motion, a very effective setting.

"The Lost Paradise" is entertaining, interesting, and is capable of starting a train of useful thought. It is very well worth seeing.

Metcalfe.



WHAT MAKES THE RAIN?

"WHAT is it makes the rain come down?"
 Asked little Bessie Dight.
 "It used to be the Lord, my dear,
 But now it's dynamite."

—Buffalo Express.

SHE: I could have married either Whipper or Snapper, if I'd wanted to, and both of those men whom I refused have since got rich, while you are still as poor as a church mouse.

HE: Of course. I've been supporting you all these years. They haven't.—The Koran.

SENEX BARTHOLUS: Mercle! te filiam meam osculante deprehendi.

JUVENIS DIO: Spero ne incerta lux me fefellerit. Magnopere tristis, demissoque capite discederem si coquam filiae loco oculis me delibasse invenissem.—Ex Puckio.

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